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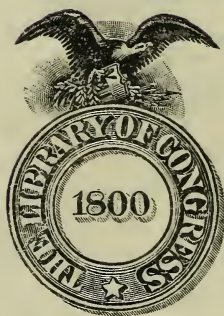
LIFE ON THE

Sandwich Islands



Lecture by

Maj. C. C. Bennett



Class _____

Book _____

WALTER R. STEINER
COLLECTION



LECTURE AND SKETCHES
OF
LIFE ON THE
SANDWICH ISLANDS

AND
Hawaiian Travel ^{AND} Scenery

Lawrence
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HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
IN WHICH HE GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE OF SIXTEEN YEARS
RESIDENCE AND STUDIES ON THE HAWAIIAN
OR SANDWICH ISLANDS

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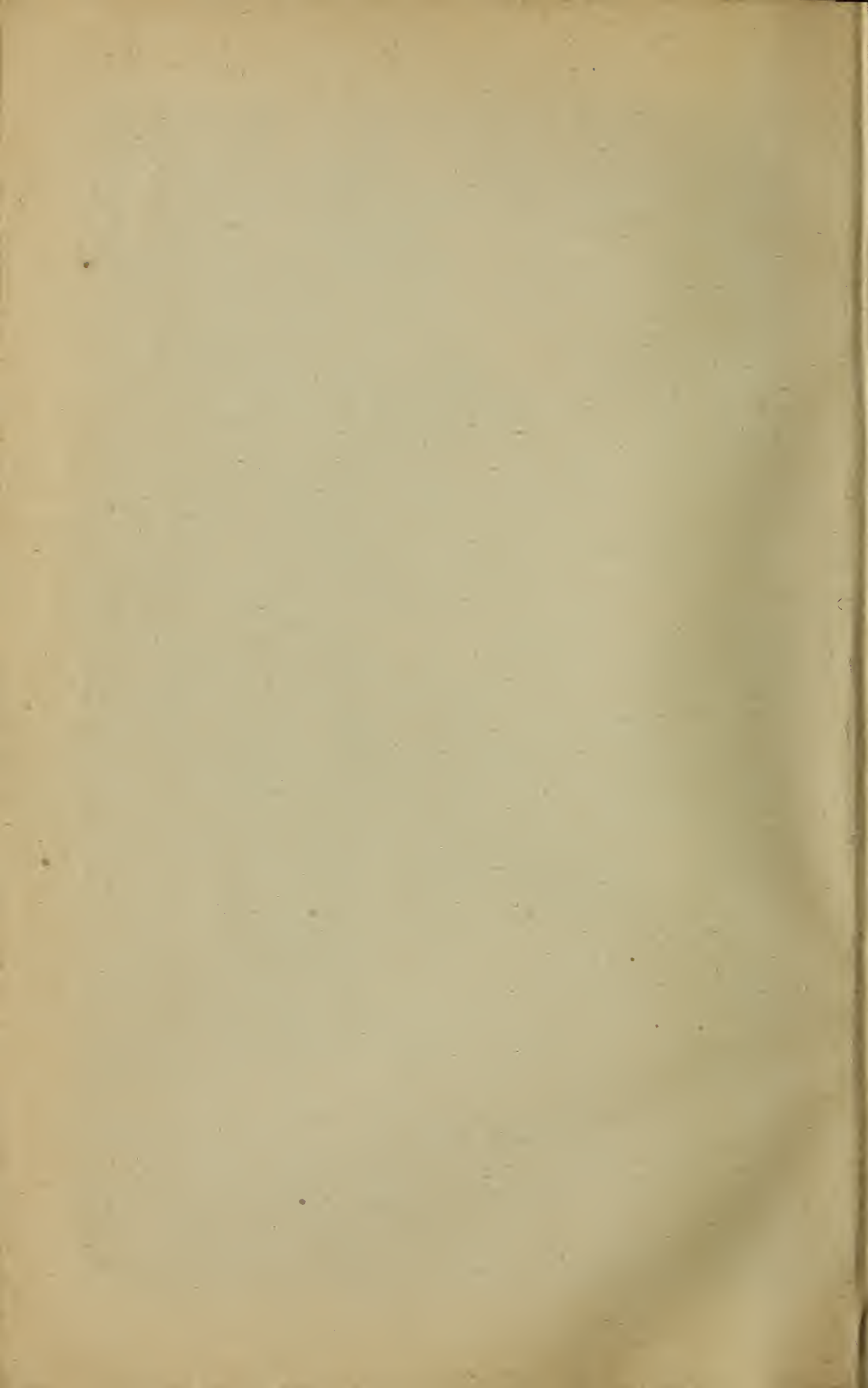
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DR. WALTER R. STEINER
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The Lecture

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS (falsely called Sandwich), are situated in North Latitude, between the parallels of nineteen and twenty-one degrees, and West Longitude, one hundred and fifty-six. They are 2,200 miles from San Francisco and being in the ocean highway between the northwest coast of North America and the English colonies of New Zealand and Australia and the rich countries of Asia, they are of great and growing importance to the interest of commerce. Their number is eight. Their total area is 7,060 square miles. Their names are Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Oahu, Kauai, Niihau and Kahoolau.

They were originally peopled by one of the most peculiar races that ever inhabited the earth, in fact their like is not on the earth. They believe that they were created on the Islands, the name of their creator was Wakea, but as our bible gives no account of Wakea, we are compelled to go back to former ages. All of the northern part of the American Continent bears unmistakable signs of a pre-historic civilized race who cut the mighty roadways through the mountains of Arizona; some of these roadways are a hundred miles in length and in places a mile in depth. Who built the immense canals that water the plains and valleys west of the River Gila? Who built the houses that were found in the clefts bordering on these canals and discovered over three hundred years ago by the Spaniards? It is thought by visitors that when those houses were built, they were near a level with the water, but they were built so long ago that the water has worn the rock and earth down

over a hundred feet below the houses. How many years must have rolled into eternity since those houses were built. Who made the sword that was found at Negro Hill near Mormon Island?

This Island, in early mining days, was taken up by the Mormons. A colored man came along one day and visited the prospect. The whites told him the Isle was all taken up, and if he wished to prospect he must go on to the west side of the river, where he could sink a shaft and might find gold. He went to work and sunk a shaft. It was thirty feet deep to the bed rock. In the bottom of that shaft, on the bed rock, he found a sword. It was two feet and a half in length, and two inches and a half in width. Everything but the metal had decayed, and that was a great deal rusted. They ground it up and found it composed of the very best of steel, and best of temper. Now who made that sword?

When I was mining in Coonhill I sunk a shaft called "The Last Chance." When ninety-five feet deep I came upon a stratum of charcoal; went through that and five feet more of sand and gravel, and came to the second stratum of charcoal, and four feet further to the bed rock. Now, how did that charcoal get there?

I sent a bag of it to the blacksmith in Hangtown, who burned it in his forge. He said he never burned better coal in his life. It was almost equal to stone coal, it had been buried so long.

I might go on the whole evening producing evidence of a prehistoric civilized race, but I deem it superfluous, as I am addressing a learned audience, which is well posted in all the mighty evidences that go to substantiate the existence of a prior man. The Spanish give an account of a civilized race that lived on the Northwest Coast as early as five hundred of our Lord. They lived there till one thousand of our Lord, when they emigrated to the river Gilla and table lands of Mexico, and there by some means they became extinct—probably by some mighty upheaval of the earth. The houses and fortresses, churches and villages, that are being unearthed

by the Smithsonian Society would lead one to believe that this race was destroyed by an earthquake.

They were followed by Aztec races who handed their traditions down to the Mexicans who wrote them up, a published account of which can be found in the old Spanish archives at Guam. This race was known as the Nahoa race or Tóltec family.

Until lately the Hawaiian race have been supposed (but not proven), to have descended from the Malay race. They might just as well say we sprang from the Malay as that the Hawaiians did; they bear not the least resemblance. The Malay has a very low, sloping forehead, with the hair or bristles down nearly to the eyes. They have very large cheek bones, long and peaked chins, with more of the animal than human. The Hawaiians have high foreheads, long black hair, the men have very strong beards, are quick to learn trades and all manner of work. The ladies have very long hair. Some of them have hair that they can place beneath their feet and stand upon erect. Zula, the pride of Honolulu, stands five feet, four inches and has very fine hair, and can place her hair four inches beneath her feet and stand upon it.

They used to live to a great age. I have conversed, myself, with an old chief that remembers well Captain Cook, and told me many things that took place at that time or at Cook's visit and death, and was hardly ever sick, knew nothing of unmentionable diseases, until the arrival of the whites, and were a very powerful and athletic race.

I spent ten years hard work and some money to find out the origin of the Hawaiian race, and by comparison of color and the physiognomy of the two races, I could find no resemblance of one race to the other. On examination of the head of Hawaiians, I found a large analogy to the Circassian race, while with the Malay I found a large analogy to the brute creation.

The winds and ocean currents set directly from the northwest coast to the Hawaiian Islands; logs and wood

drift are constantly being borne from California and Oregon to their shores; none is borne or could be borne from any other direction except by the way of the Japan current which unites with the California current a little north of the latitude of these islands. And it is supposed that some of an anterior race as the Toltic race were out in their canoes and on a sailing or fishing excursion, got blown off from the shores, got into the current and were carried to the islands. And that the Hawaiians came from the northwest coast of America is supported by such an array of probabilities and possibilities that they exclude any other hypothesis. When I was in Hilo in 1880 a log drifted into Hilo Bay that we know grows in no part of the world except the northwest coast, and the bark on that log was still green, and the scar where it was cut off was still white, so anything getting into the current, it takes but a short time to be carried to the Island.

I have compared skulls that were found in mining on the coast, with the Hawaiians, and found them to agree exactly. Their theology is one of the most striking found among all the heathen tribes. In the first place, they believe they were created by a God, and they lived in obedience to priests who offered prayers and sacrifices to their god. When addressing a god of wood or stone they did not address that image, but each of those images contained a spirit which they addressed, which took their petitions to their god, Wakea. When they die they go to Wakea. He is very kind to them, and lets them return to the earth as often as they wish, or as long as they have friends they wish to visit or enemies they wish to punish. When done with earth, if they have been good and obeyed the priest, they remain with their god throughout eternity. If they have not been good and obeyed the priest, Wakea drove them out over a precipice into misery.

This theology of itself proves that they are of high origin. The Malays, on the contrary, believe in nothing; have no idea or conception of a God, or future state of

existence. This people have been separated from the parent stock for hundreds of centuries, and their language, as their manners and customs, have undergone great changes.

In the year of 1869 there was a large controversy as regarded their rightful discoverer. In hunting up material for my work there were so many things came to the surface that went to prove that they had been visited by some party from the outside world previous to the arrival of Captain Cook, that I was a great deal staggered about his being the rightful discoverer.

Where did the pigs, turkeys and chickens come from that fed Cook's men? They were all over the group at the time Cook was there, and very numerous. They well knew, also, the uses of iron, and were willing to barter anything they possessed for a little piece of hoop iron or a nail. They knew well its value.

Where did they obtain this knowledge? But having no positive proof but that Captain Cook was the discoverer of the Islands, I gave him the credit, with a very large doubt. Before issuing my second edition of historical sketches, I engaged Captain James Long to visit Guam and ascertain, if possible, the truth or falsity of a report that the Spanish had knowledge of these Islands previous to the arrival of Captain Cook. He found there a record that Gaetano discovered the Hawaiian Islands in 1642. Mandana laid down the correct position of Kauai in 1567. The Marquesas was discovered by Mendana in 1595, while Quiros saw Tahiti in 1606, which goes to prove most conclusively that the Spanish were the pioneers of discovery in the Pacific Ocean. The Hawaiian Islands were probably often seen by the early Spanish navigators, as they were right in the pathway of the Spanish Galleons to Acapulco by way of Guam, in the Marian Islands, to Manilla.

In 1527 "Hawaii" received by misfortune of shipwreck its first accession of European population. In that year Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, fitted out three vessels in Zigiatlan, a port in Sianola, destined for the Moleceis.

On their arrival in the longitude of Hawaii and about the same parallel latitude they were dispersed by a violent storm, and two ships were never more heard from. In that year 1527, so says the native tradition, a strange man and woman were found at Kauis, in South Kona, on the seashore with their heads bowed down apparently in grief; the natives named this Koloa, interpreted, bowed down. They were a captain and his sister, supposed to be the only survivors from the lost ships of Cortes. The natives received them kindly and tried to do the best they could to comfort them in their affliction. They lived to themselves for two years when they gave up all hope of being taken off the Islands, and went to living with their kind preservers, and their children were very numerous, and their descendants can be traced to this day by their light complexion and color of their hair. Their descendants are called Ahues. There are many words in the language evidently incorporated from the Spanish, as many habits and customs are similar.

The year 1778 will ever be memorable as the first introduction of the Hawaiian Islands to the civilized world by the arch navigator, Captain James Cook, who clandestinely laid claim to their discovery, for he having seen the old Spanish chart, knew exactly where to find the Archipeligo, to which he gave the name of Sandwich Islands, in honor of, it is said, the Earl of Sandwich, first Lord of Admiralty of England.

Cook's first anchorage was at Waimea, on the 18th of January, 1778. After visiting several of the Islands, he sailed for the northwest coast and returned to the Islands on the 20th of November of the same year, 1778, after visiting several of the ports he had formerly visited. He anchored in Kalakakua bay on the 17th day of January, 1879; he was joyfully received by the people, they believing him to be a God.

The priest approached him whenever he landed, crouching down to the ground, reciting prayers, and going through all the forms of their idol worship, concluding by investing him with the sacred red tape and placing

before him offerings of pigs, chickens and fruits, etc. During his stay at Kalakakua, a period of eighteen days, the people refused any remuneration for supplies, but furnished the ships with a profusion of hogs and the choicest productions of the country, and even watered his vessels by bringing water from a long distance. There was plenty of water near at hand, but they, believing him to be a God, brought water that was tabued for the use of the common people, and used only by the priests in their offerings. After he and his crew had satisfied themselves with the good things of the Islands and the vices of the people, on the 4th of February his ships put to sea, but after one day's absence he returned to his anchorage to repair a defective mast.

His reception was cool upon the part of the people, some of the more venturesome committing thefts from the ships, which was followed by swift and stern retribution on the part of the foreigners, some of Cook's men killing a high chief.

In the melee that ensued, Cook was heavily pressed upon, when he groaned, which convinced the people that he was no God, and they immediately set upon him and stabbed him to death with the pahoo or wooden dagger.

Thus ended the life of Captain James Cook, in the zenith of his fame and the prime of his age, a victim to his over-weening confidence in his ability to over-awe the Hawaiians. Cook's body was never eaten, but his bones being carefully divested of flesh, were scattered among the tribes according to the customs of the country. You have always read in your books that Cook was killed and eaten by cannibals, but it is most absurdly false. The Hawaiians never were cannibals, many written and missionary lies to the contrary notwithstanding; had they been cannibals, would they not have eaten that poor man and woman that were cast upon their shores nearly four hundred years ago, 1527? There was one cannibal chief on the Isle of Oahu, and he lived in a little valley in the shape of an ox bow in the mountains of Yailua, and had a tribe of about three hundred people, and he flourished

but a very short time. His butchers being killed, he could procure no one to get him victims. This horrid custom was banished from the kingdom for ever, and it was so long ago that his Hea or temple, though built of solid rock, has all crumbled into sand. Only a small ridge of sand marks the place where his temple stood, and he was shunned by all the other tribes of the group as a pestilence. "Why, that man eats human flesh," and they avoided him as they would a viper. He was the only cannibal that ever had existence on the Islands.

And no missionary from the first to the present time has ever received the least unkindness from their hands and I defy the whole host of them to prove anything to the contrary. Captain Clark, who succeeded Cook in command, landed a body of mariners, slew many natives and burned their huts to the ground. Hostilities ceased on the condition that Cook's remains be returned, which being done, they were buried in the placid waters of Kalakakua Bay, February 21, 1779.

In 1786 the Islands were visited by a French navigator, Lafaronsse. Vancouver made his first visit to the Islands in 1792, his second in 1793, his third and last in 1795. He was a very kind and good man, and on the occasion of his second visit he took cattle and horses to the Islands as a present to Kamehameha, the First, who was then engaged in his war of conquest of the group. Kamehameha, the First, was termed the Great, and justly so, when we remember that he was only secondary chief in one of the ten tribes of Hawaii. But with all these mighty odds against him, he conceived the idea of conquering not only the tribes of Hawaii, but all the tribes of the group. He made war with his tribe, on a neighboring tribe and conquered. With the two he moved upon the third and conquered, so he went on from conquest to conquest, until all of the ten tribes fell into his hands. With this immense army he moved upon Maui and conquered, then to Molokai and conquered; then to Oahu, and so he went on until seven Islands fell into his hands. The high chief on Kauai sent him word that he need not come

there with his army, he did not wish to have his people slain, but he would acknowledge him as his King and rightful ruler. Thus ended the war, and Kamehameha realized his dream, and became ruler of the entire group of Islands, which he formed into a kingdom of which he became the head. He was a brave, just and wise ruler. On the occasion of his death, which occurred May 8, 1819, he was succeeded by his son, Liholiho. The young king was given to advancement the same as his father, and soon after his accession to the throne he abrogated many of the tabus which had for centuries held sway over this entire people. Some of the more onerous I will mention: A common native could not approach his chief from the way of the sun; if the shadow of a common native fell upon the chief, it was certain death. A man was compelled to build a house for himself, one for the women with whom he lived, and a shed for beating tapa. If a man and woman were caught eating together, it was death. Man was considered the superior being. The woman had to wait upon him while he ate his meals, then go into her apartment and eat her's. If a person was caught in a canoe upon a tabu day, it was death. If a person stood erect while the King's bathing water or his tapa was carried past, it was death. These and many other tabus were abrogated by this King, Liholiho. He desired to have more liberty for his people. He said to them: "You are my children. I am your father, and I wish you to come and see me, but I will have no more bowing down or scraping and getting around behind, but come walking straight like men. I care nothing for your shadow, let it fall upon me or not, come and see me." Then he turned to the ladies and said to them: "Come to the meal with us—have no more fear of the priests. I will stand between you and them and all harm that may come from the meals." And they did come. Talk about heathenism! Here is a native King who, they tell, is steeped in heathenism and darkness, redeeming women from that thralldom of degradation in which they had been held for untold centuries, to become on

equality with man. Noble and dignified King, to dare to trample under foot the dictation of the priest. How many are there in our time who would put their foot upon woman if they could, and hold her down if they dared? But woman is bound to rise until she becomes man's equal. This innovation of the new King caused no little excitement. The priests saw plainly that with the breaking of the tabus and the neglect of idol worship their power over people and their influence with the chiefs were gone forever. They resisted this abrogation with open rebellion, but the King's forces were most gloriously triumphant and priestcraft and idolatry were forever abolished. The priests who caused the people to rebel against the King were clubbed to death. Then they turned to their Gods and said: "We went to war for you. You went back on us, and did not help us fight. Now we will kill you." They pitched into them. Some they burned, some they cast into the sea, whilst others they treated with the utmost contempt, hewed in pieces and used them as kindling-wood. Idol gods were denounced as a vanity and lie. Thus an Unseen Power, which sometimes leads men unwittingly, led Liholiho to perform one of the greatest acts that ever transpired in an untutored nation.

The first missionaries arrived on the Islands the 4th of April, 1820, and the response to their most anxious inquiries concerning things on the Islands was, Liholiho is King, the Islands are at peace, the gods are destroyed and the temples are demolished. Remember, friends, that this transpired before the arrival of a missionary on the Islands.

At the time of their arrival, the people had no written language. They composed an alphabet of twelve letters upon which they founded the language of the Hawaiian Kingdom. In this they showed great sagacity, knowing that visitors would not readily learn it. Thus they thought to prevent a diffusion of knowledge contrary to their teachings. They wished to usurp the powers of the chiefs and to mould the people blindly to their purposes.

After erecting commodious residences for themselves, they built churches and school houses, they commenced to make presents to the royal families and chiefs and endeavored to get them to attend their churches and schools, but it was a long time after their arrival before any converts were made to their religion; and who wonders? They had been taught for generations away back at their mothers' knee to believe in Wakea as their god, and if they were good and obeyed the priest they would spend an endless eternity with him. With these teachings thoroughly instilled in their minds, how could it be expected of them to turn immediately around to any other god? Liholiho took no stock in their religious teachings, but after two years had elapsed he told his people to go to school and learn to read and write. After receiving this command from their King, they did go to school and they were plied with many presents from their teachers, but it was four years after the arrival of the missionaries before any converts were made to the new religion, the first one being baptized in 1824, and this was a very notable one, no less than the high chief, Kaopualana, the mother of the second and third Kameamehos. It would be well to mention here that the chiefs owned the lands and the people, not only these but everything that flew in the air or swam in the water were the chief's, and a blind and implicit obedience to the powers that were was all the people knew, and when the missionaries succeeded in getting any of the ruling power in their churches they ordered all their tribes to go and have their names written in the church book, and this was palmed off to the world as so many conversions to Christianity. I know when I was a boy the papers came loaded down with wonderful conversions of the heathen to Christianity, two and three hundred in a day, and a nation born to the Lord in a day; and it was certainly most marvelous if it had been true, but standing in line having your names registered the same as you would at the postoffice, I cannot conceive as any true conversion to Almighty God, and in this way the

nation was born to God in a day. In this way they succeeded in getting a large number of neophytes in their churches, and in gaining a large control in government affairs, and everything went swimmingly in the interest of the Protestant mission; but they were not to have their own way always.

On the 7th of July, 1827, the first Roman Catholic mission arrived at Honolulu. The mission consisted of two priests and several layman. After they were landed from the ship, an order was issued to the captain to take them on board again, as they had landed without permission. This order he would not execute, and sailed away without them. Previous to the arrival of the Protestant mission, a Catholic mission had sailed past the Islands, but anchored in Honolulu harbor some days, during which time two of the chiefs had been baptized in the Catholic faith on shipboard in August, 1819. These chiefs gave shelter to the Catholic mission, and for several years they remained unmolested. The first Catholic chapel was opened in January, 1828. In 1829, the two Catholic chiefs, Boki and his brother sailed away upon an expedition from which they never returned. Kaahumana, who was then Premier of the Kingdom, on her return to Honolulu, fully under the influence of the American mission, on its return to Honolulu, had her attention called by the American clergy to the rapid growth of the Catholic religion on the Isle of Oahu, as their different modes of worship and showy tinsel had attracted large numbers to their places of worship. They thought that something must be done to stay the turning of their converts to Catholicism. She gave strict orders to the priests to close their doors and commanded the people on pain of punishment to forsake the new religion. Now commenced a persecution against the native professors of Catholicism on the part of Kaahumana and the Protestant missionaries. Some, for refusing to renounce their faith, were kept in confinement at hard labor like criminals, and women were put in irons, like murderers. Others were kept in prison and at hard work making

mats. It is not my object to comment on the acts of the Protestants, but to mention facts as I find them.

In April, 1831, the chiefs who had remained with the Protestants, in conjunction with the Protestants issued a formal order, in writing, that the priests depart from the Islands. In the latter part of the same year, the priests and the government, which was wholly and totally controlled by the American mission, fitted out the brig *Waverly*, and placed her under the command of Captain William Sumner, and in December, 1831, the Catholic mission was placed on board, and the brig sailed for California, where she arrived safely and the missionaries were landed. They were kindly received by co-religionists. After the departure of the priests the persecution against their converts continued. Many were punished by being put to building stone wall.

About this time Commodore Downs, in the U. S. frigate *Potomac*, arrived at Honolulu. On hearing of the persecution, the Commodore interfered in behalf of the prisoners, and represented to the government the injustice of persecution on account of religious belief; and he read the American clergy a lesson they would long remember. He told them most emphatically it was not the way to get the good will of enlightened nations. The Catholics were released, and for several years thereafter people of that religious belief went unpunished. But in 1836, more persecutions took place, and punishments were inflicted, some of a very serious character, on the Catholic proselytes. It would consume too much of our time to follow the persecutions upon the Catholic church, but I will state that the Catholic priests were driven off the Isles three different times.

On the 18th of December, 1837, a very severe ordinance was passed by the American Protestant clergy and Protestant chiefs. It was headed: "Forbidding the Catholic Religion." That no one shall teach the peculiarities of the Pope's religion; nor shall it be allowed to any who teach those doctrines or those peculiarities to reside in this kingdom, nor shall any one teaching its

peculiarities or its faith be permitted to land on these shores ; for it is not proper that two religions be found on these shores, or in this small kingdom.

If any one, either foreigners or natives, shall be found assisting another in teaching the doctrine of the Pope's religion, he shall pay to the government \$100 for every such offense. Any Papish teachers coming on shore in violation of this ordinance, were declared liable to pay a fine of \$1000 and vessels and cargoes be confiscated to the government.

On the 10th of July, 1839, the French frigate *L'Artemese*, C. Laflonce commander, carrying sixty guns, arrived off the port of Honolulu. Shortly after his arrival, the commander addressed a manifesto to the King in which, after setting forth that his Majesty, the King of the French, had commanded him to come to Honolulu in order to put an end, either by force or persuasion, to the ill treatment to which the French had been victims at the Sandwich Islands. He propounded five separate demands, in substance as follows. 1—That the Catholic worship be declared free throughout all the dominions of the King of the Sandwich Islands ; that the members of this religious faith shall enjoy in them all the principles granted to Protestants. 2—That a site for a Catholic church be given by the government at Honolulu. 3—That all Catholics imprisoned on account of religion be immediately liberated. 4—That the King deposit with the captain of the *L'Artemese*, \$20,000 as a guarantee of his future conduct towards France, to be restored when the French government shall be satisfied that the treaty submitted with this manifesto, has been complied with. 5—That the treaty, when signed, be conveyed on board the frigate by a high chief of the country and that salutes be exchanged between the shore and the ship. In case the demands were not complied with and the treaty promptly signed, " war " was to commence immediately. The French consul was informed by letter at the same time that if the demands were not immediately acceded to, hostilities would commence at the expiration of three days. The American

consul received a like communication with an addition to the effect that the American Protestant clergy, in the event of hostilities, should be considered as composing a part of the native population. The King being absent, the treaty was signed by G. P. Judd, who was then premier of the kingdom and the treaty, with the \$20,000 were carried on board the frigate by the governor, Kekuannoa. This ended all persecution of the Catholic church, and the way the natives forsook the Protestant church for the Catholic was marvelous, and in three years they more than doubled the Protestant church.

The next horror the Protestants had to deal with was the Mormons. They arrived at the Islands about 1840, and their teachings of polygamy just suited the natives, and they took to the Mormons as ducks take to water, and in a short time they covered nearly the whole of Oahu; but their churches and schools were more in the country than in Honolulu. They were so numerous that they raised \$50,000 to buy the Isle of Lanai from the government.

One good missionary told me their mode of salutation was, after the arrival of the Mormons, "Well, the Catholics have been forced upon us, now the devil has come also."

In 1835, the fifth cargo of missionaries arrived at the Islands. I will tell of the manner in which they went, then you can judge the manner of people they were. They went down, a hold full of rum and a deck load of missionaries, but even in this there were some very fine people, who objected very strenuously to this rum going down; but the ship belonged to Brewer & Co., of Boston, and Brewer said: "This is my ship, and the rum has got to go. You may go or stay, just as you please." They thought it over and went. On their arrival they found that the first four cargoes had succeeded in establishing churches and schools throughout the group. Those who were earnest Christians found plenty to do, while worldlings had idle time upon their hands.

Sugar cane was spontaneous to the group. The

natives knew not when it commenced to grow—all they knew about it was that it was growing the same as any other bush, but when it got ripe they would break it down, take it in their teeth, strip off the rind, chew up the pulp and extract the juice. There is no doubt in my mind but that the first four cargoes of missionaries were eating the sugar cane with the natives all these years, for it is very good and healthy; but the idea of making sugar never entered their brains. They were not sent there to make sugar, but to carry light to those who sat in darkness, and to teach the way of life and salvation; to proclaim Christ as the Savior of the World; to this they used their best endeavors, but when this last cargo arrived they had some idle time upon their hands. When they saw the natives eating the sugar cane, they thought they would try it and see what it tasted like. they found it very sweet. They concluded it might make sugar. They gathered a few armfuls of it, stripped off the rind, and pressed it out in an old-fashioned cheese hoop, the same as they used to press cheese when I was a little boy. They boiled it down in a small kettle. They found it rich in sacharine matter. It made good sugar. Then they thought they had struck a bonanza. They commenced planting out the cane. They sent around the Horn and imported a lot of potash kettles. They erected wooden mills. That is, they put up three upright poles confined in a frame, put a lever upon the top of one, hitched a horse to the lever, which set all three in motion. Then they shoved the cane between the poles, and in this manner they pressed out large quantities of the juice and boiled it down in potash kettles.

Sugar could not be made without labor and after a year or so they said, "Let's make our hewers of wood and drawers of water out of this people." They passed what they termed "The Master and Servant Act," but not without considerable opposition. Some of the more humane missionaries thought they could see the negro in the wood pile. The same cry was raised as in the slave

states, "Why, where is the harm in teaching this people trades and a desire to work? you can civilize them a great deal sooner," and the planters carried the day and they passed what they termed "The Master and Servant Act." Under this act they could take any child at twelve years of age and force it into their service (they did not wish any younger). The male they could keep until he was 20 and female 18, unless married previous to that. Marriage redeemed her from this serfdom. They placed them in their kitchens, in their stables, workshops and on their plantations; they placed a missionary hoe in their hands and the lash on their backs, and in this way the poor creatures were driven from morn till night. As years rolled along there were many additions from the New York board of missions and plantations increased. American whalers also found the Islands a good place to visit.

The first iron mill erected on the Islands was by Ludd & Co., on the Isle of Kauai. Some of the planters having made large sums of money, wished to sell out and return to the states. Those wishing to buy, did not wish to buy the lands without the slaves; here was a little difficulty.

Under "The Master and Servant Act," they could not sell their slaves. They had to keep them until of age or let them go. To get around this, they went to work and passed "The Shipping Laws." Under this act they could take any party whatever, and ship it onto their plantations. There was what was termed the long and short term. The short term was five years, the long term ten. The planters agreed to pay the slaves \$5 per month, but out of this \$5 they had to clothe themselves, furnish their own bedding, their own medicine, pay their own doctor bills and if in debt to the plantation at the expiration of term of service, they had to reship, and this act was backed by a penal code, that they could be whipped and put in prison until they would perform their obligations, and that is still in force on the Islands. A more damnable code of slavery exists in no part of the earth. Everybody remembers when gold was discovered in California, that

all merchandise brought most fabulous prices. In 1850, Captain John Paty came from the Islands with a cargo of sugar to San Francisco, and he sold every pound of that sugar for twenty-five cents per pound. On his return to the Islands the news spread like wildfire.

Good Rev. Bailey, of Wailukb, Maui, on his arrival at the port of Honolulu, was told the news, and in the presence of Mr. A. Adams, John Davis and a host of others, jumped two feet from the wharf and shouted, "Glory to God, let us make hay while the sun shines."

Rev. Bailey's plantation for many years has averaged 1300 tons of sugar per year. He has made his hay, but how about saving souls? If native souls could be saved for twelve and a half cents apiece, sugar would run ahead.

In 1856, native labor got scarce, the plantations had increased largely in numbers, as well as in size, and as many as three hundred whale ships were coming into the port of Honolulu, and after they had tried a few natives as seamen, they found them to make the very best whalemens possible to get, and many natives sought their chief to let them go north on the whalers in preference to shipping on the plantation, and thousands went north, and planters found themselves in a fix. They held a planter's meeting in Honolulu and resolved to send to China and import a lot of coolies, which they did. There are four slave ports in China, Shanghai, Wampo, Mucau and Canton. If I am a slave dealer, I send a letter to one or more of the mandarins of these ports, stating the number of slaves I want, and that my ships will be in their ports at such a time. He says to Kikoe, "Go out and drive in so many, don't take any sick, or over and under such an age." They are driven in like a herd of cattle into the ranton, where they are locked up until the arrival of the slave ship. When the gates are thrown open a guard of soldiers is placed on each side, and they are driven on board and taken off to their destination. On the arrival of the coolies (slaves) in Honolulu, word was sent to the different plantations,

"Coolies have arrived, come and get your number." The planter picks out those he will have for his, for which he pays the government \$50 cash down or gives bonds that the government will accept for each and every coolie, which he charges over to the coolie and makes him pay for himself, out of his five dollars per month, for he receives the same wages and the same treatment as the shipped natives, with the exception of paying for himself. Every disobedience on the part of a bonded laborer is submitted to whipping or imprisonment, or both. All a slave gets in working out a fine is twenty-five cents a day. After he has paid his fine, he has to return to the plantation and work two days for every day absent from the plantation; so, the planter made money by having his slaves locked up in a slack time.

In addition to all this, if a field hand broke a tool he had to pay for it. If a house hand broke a dish he had to pay for it. To show the workings of this most nefarious system, I will mention one instance: James Dudoit was murdered by his Chinaman on the 20th of July, 1859. When the Chinaman was standing upon the trap beneath the gallows, he was asked if he had anything to say. He said, "Yes, me say this: me work five years; me no money; me have to ship again; me break one saucer; he charge me half a dollar; me kill him; me hang up; me no care." Thousands of such charges were made every year, but few paid the penalty of Dudoit.

Kamehameha, the Third, was wholly and solely under the control of the American Protestant clergy. Whatever they asked or in whatever direction they pointed their finger, he would do or go. And they gave him the title of Kamehameha, the Good, but under his reign, four of the most damnable acts were passed that ever disgraced a statute book. 1—The persecution of the Catholics. 2—The master and servant act. 3—The shipping laws backed by a penal code. 4—The enabling act to procure coolies. Kamehameha, the Fourth, was mostly under their control, but he had a mind of his own and was the means of getting the Church of England in the

Islands. This was a very bitter pill for the American Protestant mission to swallow, but they had to take their medicine. No persuasion or threats would turn him from his purpose, and the Church of England has been an established fact ever since 1860. They have two colleges and one of the best schools on the Islands for females, and a very large following among the white population, and some natives and half breeds.

But the Catholic church is by far the largest on the Islands. Kamehameha, the Fifth, was King, and whatever he thought was right, he would do, but he would have no usurpation by any religious party. To show how the missionaries stood in awe of him, I will mention an instance: In one of their weeks of prayer some suggested that they set apart a day to pray that the King would get married. The news went to the palace. He sent them word that they might pray for the prosperity of his kingdom and his health, but just as sure as they went to meddling with any of his private concerns, he would turn his soldiers upon them and march all off to prison. It is needless to say that day of prayer never came off. Another instance: One of the Protestant clergy got on his high heeled shoes on the Fourth of July, 1866, and gave the King a very severe raking for passing the second constitution. He received orders to leave the Islands on the first boat that left, or march to prison. It was remarkable how soon the high-toned clergyman had a call to Oakland, California. The King would allow him no time to fix up his business, but compelled him to leave on the first boat. Kamehameha, the Fifth, was King and all knew better than to trifle with him.

In the abrogation of the first constitution he also showed himself King. A convention was called consisting of the nobles, the King's ministers and delegates chosen by the people. This convention assembled at Honolulu, July 30, 1863. Several weeks were spent in debating the draft of a new constitution, but it appeared that an unreconcilable difference of opinion existed

between his Majesty's government and many of the delegates. The consequence was the convention was dissolved, and on the 30th of August the King promulgated the present constitution of the Islands.

The main fight of the missionary element was against Article II, which declares that involuntary servitude, except for crime, is forever forbidden in this kingdom. Whenever a slave shall enter this kingdom, he shall be free.

But their ill will made no difference to the King, he went on remodeling his government and endeavored to keep whatever land these cormorants had not already absorbed.

We made our first visit to the Islands in 1862, and saw many things which we thought inconsistent with the calling of a missionary. But being raised to believe that a missionary was next to our Savior, said nothing which we thought would mar the cause of foreign missions.

We made our second visit to the Islands in the month of March, 1865, and remained on the Islands sixteen years and some months, and what we say in these pages is from personal knowledge. For over three years we watched the operations of the labor system on the group. Becoming convinced that it was more damnable than any southern slavery ever was, we resolved to start a paper and ventilate its cussedness to the world. Our paper had not been running three months when Kamehameha was thoroughly convinced that coolieism and slavery were against his people and the best interests of his kingdom, and he washed his hands completely out of them.

And when Sam Wilder went on his mission to China to procure six thousand more coolies, he went without the King's commission or government backing. And he returned with one woman and a very few coolies (Sam paid \$75 for his woman). He got just what he had cash to pay for and no more. And during the balance of Kamehameha's reign, no more coolies were shipped into his kingdom.

Kamehameha, the Fifth, died in 1872 and William

Lunahilo ascended the throne in February, 1873, and died within the year, before shaping any course of policy, as there was no legislature under him. There was something mysterious about William's death, and it is believed that he was poisoned to make room for some one else. Kalakakua was made King on the 12th of February, 1874, some say by right, some say by bribery, as some representatives sold their votes.

There were two candidates in the field, Kalakakua and Emma, the wife of Kamehameha, the Fourth, but she had no title to royal blood, as she was half white and supposed to be the daughter of an Englishman by the name of Dr. Rook. At any rate he adopted her as his child, the mother and the man that ought to be her parents being full blooded natives. It would never do to explain the genealogy of the Kings and Queens, except the Kamehamehas, they were of undoubted blood.

As soon as Kalakakua was made King an embassy was sent to China, and the slave trade was again opened, and the Asiatic herd swarmed over the group, and slaveholders held high carnival. They not only imported Chinese, but they stole from the Margusas Kingmills group; also from New Guinea. From the last mentioned place they captured many cargoes. But the capture of one of these man-stealers by an English man-of-war put a stop to these crusades, and intimidated the slave-stealers of the South Pacific Ocean. So they are principally confined to the Chinese, Japanese and the natives of the Islands. Of the latter there are but few left.

Mr. Claus Spreckels made his first visit to the Islands in 1876. He is a very shrewd financier. He saw his opportunity, and endeavored to get a large grant of land and water rights. The King had an honorable set of ministers, who could see no justice in granting one man power that would involve several plantations in ruin. Seeing that he could make no headway with the ministers, he went to the King and offered him a large sum of money to turn the ministers out. In a short time the ministers were called to the palace. They went to Mr.

C. C. Harris and said: "We are called to the palace." "You are?" says Mr. Harris. "Let us go." Now this Mr. Harris was the one who was accused of buying up four emerite votes. Buying four made a difference of eight in the count, and by this means Kalakakua was declared elected King. Consequently, Mr. Harris rather held the whip over the King. He walked over with the ministers. When the King saw him he was astonished. He sat in silence for a while, then made a little talk with his ministers and sent them back to their work. In a short time they were called the second time. Mr. Harris being present in the office, walked over with them the second time. When the King saw him he was nonplused. He did not know what to say. He hung his head in silence for awhile, then had several words with his ministers and sent them back as before. Mr. Spreckels found this was a losing game. He concluded to change his tactics. He would get up a wine supper in the night, get the King drunk, then get a change in the ministry. He accordingly put his plans in operation. A feast was prepared at the palace. All those who favored Mr. Spreckels and his schemes were invited. The day before the feast came off, two wagon-loads of liquor were sent from the government store-house to the palace. The feast came off. About 12 o'clock at night Mr. Spreckles had succeeded in getting the King most gloriously drunk. Then he threw a pile of American bonds upon the table and said: "Kalakakua, turn those ministers out and that money is yours." He called up his lackeys and dispatched a note to each of his ministers demanding their presence at the castle. They came. He demanded their portfolios there and then; (and two more honorable men than J. Mott Smith and Alfred S. Hartwell never graced a senate floor.) He appointed Samuel G. Wilder Minister of the Interior, a Sidney petifogger as Attorney General and two natives to fill the other offices. Mr. Spreckels had nothing in his way now, all that he desired being readily granted. He leased the entire plain lying between Wailuku and Makanoa, a strip of land six miles

wide and twelve miles long. He constructed a water-ditch 75 miles long, thereby robbing several plantations of their water rights. From that time to this he has controlled the sugar interests on the Islands and on the northwest coast. Soon after the treaty passed, Mr. Ah Fong, a millionaire Chinaman, sent a letter to the mandarins of China, giving an account of the overflowed and tule lands in the Islands, just adapted to rice culture. The mandarins wrote back: "You keep quiet; go to work and buy up all those lands if you can; if not, lease them for a long time." Mr. Ah Fong sent around some very poor Chinamen to see if the land could be bought, if not, to lease them for a long term of years. The lands were not for sale. Then they tried the leasing dodge. Mrs. Bishop, a half white lady, owned 500 acres of this overflowed and tule-land, within one mile and a quarter of the city of Honolulu. They went to her and said: "We very poor Chinamen; been work in slavery many years; spose we make a little lice (which means rice), and a little mow, (which means hay); we could make an honest living; spose you no sell your land, you lease um; you lease um us for thirty years; two years we no pay money; after, we pay one hundred dollars per year for the whole lot." Mrs. Bishop, being a kind-hearted lady, and knowing well what these slaves had to suffer during their terms of slavery, thought if by utilizing her land they could make an honest living, she would let them have it on their own terms for thirty years—two years without rental, the balance of term one hundred dollars per year. As soon as the lease was made out and recorded, so there could be no going back, they went around to all those having overflowed and tule-lands, and got hold of every acre of such land in the kingdom. Then Mr. Ah Fong wrote down to China: "We have got the land." The mandarins sent in a lot of slaves direct from China to cultivate those lands. In two years they brought them to such a state of perfection that they have produced three crops of rice per year; and notwithstanding the fact that the lessee lives in China, and the

slaves who cultivate this rice are owned in China, every pound of this rice is shipped into San Francisco duty free. Chinese rice pays our government a duty of three cents per pound. We might just as well have given China seven millions of money as to allow her to come to the Islands, where she could ship her rice free of duty.

When the treaty passed, our merchants on the northwest coast expected that they were going to reap a large benefit by its action, but the Hawaiian Islands has a wide-awake English merchant prince, who just smiled at their docility. "Why, those Yankees think they are going to get the trade of those Islands, do they? I will show them they won't." He goes home to England, where he has a rich brother, who owns a large factory conducted by paupers; he has also a large lot of paupers to work in gardens raising vegetables to support those who work in the factories. He had been working a thousand paupers in his factory up to the time they put an addition onto his factory; he takes another thousand paupers to work among the skilled, then hires 500 prisoners from the government to work in steel and iron, and everything that is made from metal, from a cambric needle to a ship's anchor, is made by those prisoners, and every year an 800-ton ship is loaded down to her water line with everything that it is possible to use in the dry goods and clothing line, also in metal line, carriage, harness, wheelbarrows and hand carts, suits and ducking of every weight, and leather and everything for the use of ships. Animals, as men, are brought to the Islands in the merchant prince's ships. He fills up his stores first, then sends out a call for all the traders of the group to come into Honolulu to a three day's or more auction, and he sells as long as he can get a buyer, then the balance is stored away in his store house for four months, then another call is issued for all the merchants to appear again in Honolulu to attend what is usually termed a clearing out sale and the goods being all pauper and prison made, can be sold for less than what our merchants would have to pay skilled labor, to say

nothing about the material of which they are made, and these paupers can turn out just as fine goods as any other class, and our merchants stand with their hands in their pockets, look on and see this gentleman sell goods. This is another feature of the glories of free trade. What an outlook for our laboring classes. With our spindles and our furnaces stopped and looms sleeping the sleep of death, with free trade, what can our laborers expect? For we may rest assured that there will be plenty of merchants ready to take advantage of the pauper-made goods of England, to supplant our own and drive our laborers to the wall.

The native Hawaiian is nearly extinct. When the census was taken it only gave 5,500 of full bloods left and about fifteen thousand with native blood in them. This is all there is left of this once happy and peculiar people. You might inquire what has caused this fearful loss of life. There have been three active agents engaged in their death dealing flood. First, the Master and Servant Act; second, the introduction of rum; third, the introduction of the Chinese coolie. These beasts in human form, brought their unmentionable diseases, opium pipes, and the accursed leprosy, which is the worst disease known to the human family. When this disease first broke out, they did not know what to make of it. First the native doctors tried it. They could do nothing with it. Then the foreign doctors, they could do nothing with it; people were rotting and falling to pieces like so many diseased sheep. Finally the government got alarmed and began to separate the sick from the well, and sent them off to Molokai, a living death. Molokai is now a National graveyard.

Leprosy is not confined to the natives and Chinese, but every one who meddles with it is bound to get it. It is not contagious, for a leper has been known to live among the well in the same house for years and none of the balance get it; if a man or woman lives strictly moral they will never have it unless by inoculation. There are only two ways of getting it. Live morally

when on the Islands or take your chances. The climate of these Islands is unsurpassed, the scenery picturesque. The highest mountain on the group is Mauna Loa. This mountain is 13,958 feet high. On this mountain is located the famous volcano, Kilauea. The crater has a circumference of 28 miles, the depth in the ledge is 1,270 feet down to the molten fusion—how deep that may be we know not. There are two great lakes of liquid fire termed the western and southern lake. Aside from these two immense lakes, there are six boiling chaldrons, one of them has the name of Makawaiwaio. This is termed "Pele's Kitchen," where she keeps all her servants. It is continually in an uproar, day and night without cessation; the scoria is first rolling from one side then from the other and the most unearthly noises are continually rending the air. Pele (pronounced Pala in English) is the goddess of fire. She has her home in these great lakes of fire, and for the most part of the time is a well-behaved lady. She is the most beautiful to look upon, about sixteen years of age, though she has lived in this liquid fire since the time it began, but never grows old. When in common mode she is walking, singing, dancing or hulahing and paddling her canoe, but sometimes she gets on her high heeled shoes and goes on awful tares, that is when she thinks the world is forgetting her. She shakes them every time there is an earthquake. "Why Pele is out of humor," and takes this way to let them know she wants a present. When there is an earthquake, the people will gather around this great crater and throw down pigs, chickens, turkeys, tapa and blankets. If the earthquake continues and lava commences to flow, then they will gather in large crowds, go through their idol service, then select from among the different tribes, some of the finest looking young ladies in the crowd and throw them down this fearful abyss as presents to Pele and continue to do so until the earthquake ceases when they will wind up with songs and a hulah dance.

I will give you a short account of the earthquake of 1868, which was the largest and longest in the memory

of man. It commenced on Hawaii, where the volcano is located. The earthquakes became very violent and frequent; the crater began to fill up, and jets of flame would be thrown five hundred feet above the surface of the earth; then it began to spread to the other Islands; shocks very heavy and of long duration were felt all over the entire group, as many as twelve or fifteen every day, and the ocean was in a state of great agitation for thousands of miles around. In the middle of the second month, ashes were falling upon the city of Honolulu for the space of three days and nights, and so thick that they shut out the sun. We only got two glimpses of the sun in three days. The earthquakes grew oftener and more severe. Kamehameha, the Fifth, was a man of very strong mind for a native, and he had read so much, and we had talked to him so much, he had begun to get his mind disabused as regarded Pele. She might be a myth, a superstition. But when she was shaking up his kingdom for the space of two months and a half, he began to believe that she was no myth, no superstition, but an actual being, and was bound to have a present or sink his kingdom. He called up a schooner alongside the wharf and everything that he thought could possibly please a lady was put on that schooner. There were cases of shoes, cases of hats of finest make, cases of dresses, bolts of silk, bales of blankets, cases of gloves, cases of combs, cases of underwear, cases of hose, and wound up with a case of diamonds. These things were placed on board the schooner and taken to Hilo; there they were packed on mules' and horses' backs and taken to this greater crater and thrown down this fearful abyss as a present to Pele. About two weeks after this present was made the earthquakes all ceased and the lava flow ceased. The natives said: "Now Pele has received a rousing present, she is happy. She will let us alone a long while." This present cost the government just eight thousand dollars. I have it from Dr. Hutcherson, who was then Minister of the Interior, and paid the bills.

Now I will give you Captain Brown's version of this



affair: He lived at Kau, where this mighty burst occurred. He said that his house, though built expressly to withstand earthquakes, was likely to fall upon their heads. By crouching upon their hands and knees they succeeded in getting out. The earth was rocking like a cradle. Tall trees of the forest were switching the ground, first on one side, then on the other—sometimes they were on their heads, sometimes on their feet. The earth opened twenty miles in length and twenty feet in width, and bottomless. The captain said all at once there came a lull. He happened to think of the money he had in his house. He thought he would try and get it. He got onto his feet and made for his house. When he placed his foot upon the doorstep he happened to cast his eyes toward the mountains, and saw the burst coming from the mountain. The first was a round cone in the shape of a candle. It shot with the velocity of lightning a hundred miles to the sea, before falling. It looked to be ten feet through, but anything looks ten feet, seventy-five miles away; it might be twenty or more. Instantly following this, the whole side of the mountain burst out three miles in width, and a mighty stream of liquid fire came pouring forth, and it came with such velocity that it did not fall to the earth, but shot straight out from the mountain, and whenever it hit any obstruction, the Captain said it challenged the English language to find terms fit to express its mighty grandeur. The stream was three miles in width, thirty feet in depth, and going with the rapidity of lightning, so, when a stream of this size hit any obstruction that did not give away to its mighty force, the concussion must be tremendous. It sent sparks and slugs of half-colored lava ten miles, and showers of stars of every conceivable shape which the human mind is capable of grasping, and held him and his family spell-bound for thirty minutes—all that they could do was to wonder and be amazed at the mighty magnitude of nature's wonders. It finally fell to the woods and set them on fire, and continued its course with lightning rapidity to the sea. In its course it overtook five thousand of his

stock. Twenty of his natives were also swept from the earth by this mighty stream of fire. It continued its course to the sea, a distance of over a hundred miles, and in its course it struck one corner of the Captain's house and set it on fire, but they were very glad to get from Madam Pele with their lives. This tremendous stream continued to flow ten days into the sea. In the first instance it formed an island some distance from the shore, but it continued to flow until the island was joined to the main land.

To an intelligent mind, it would appear that the letting off of these mighty forces of whatever they might be, was the salvation of the Islands and not the present to Pele. What a power must have been penned up in those mountains, to send those streams with such force!

The natives maintain inwardly, and many practice outwardly their old religious belief. Their faith in the Kahuna is unshaken. They believe that they can pray any one to death that they undertake. I will just mention one case to the point. A young, genteel-looking native came into my place of business one day. "I believe I am being prayed to death." I asked him what was the matter with him, if he felt well. Yes, but he knew he was being prayed to death. Is it possible that you, being educated in college and a member of H. H. Parker's church, can believe in such nonsense? it was no nonsense. He knew that Kahunas could pray any one to death. I told him to go to the Queen's hospital and be examined by the doctor. When he came back I asked him what the doctor said. "Just as you do; there was nothing the matter with me; only superstition; go home and shake it off and think no more about it and it would be all right." I told him to go home and go to work and punch such nonsense out of his mind, and ask God to help him. He went home and went to bed and in two days was a dead man. They believe in spotted pigs to cure sickness; and no matter about their profession of foreign religion, or the teachings of foreigners, they invariably sprinkle water about their houses and fences to keep off the spirits of

the dead, as they believe that the dead return to the earth as oft as they wish, to torment their foes or visit friends. They have traditions where the living have ventured out alone after dark, have been seized upon and carried off to the unseen world and no trace could ever be found of them afterwards. They have superstitions regarding the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks. To show the practice of their religion I will mention an amusing case of Waiku, when he was a small boy. The missionaries thought he was endowed with a great deal of wisdom—far more than any of his fellows. They took good care of him; sent him to school, to high school and to college, and he graduated with high honors, and as a first-class missionary. Shortly after he graduated, he came to live in my neighborhood. The second Sabbath, we made him superintendent of the Sabbath school and when the preacher was not present he used to preach—and more eloquent sermons you would not wish to listen to. In the college in which Waiku studied, every student had to study or work two hours a day at some trade or profession aside from the college course. Waiku chose the carpenter's trade. He being a carpenter, and I having a building to move, I thought it my duty to give him the job. I did so. He came with his men, and when he had got the building about half way on board the wheels that were to take it away, I heard some one cursing and swearing worse than I ever heard a man of war. I went out of my store and said: "Waiku, I am astonished. I thought you was a good Christian—a good missionary." He clapped his hands to his mouth, and said: "I am missionary here; that all the missionary I am. I am Kanaka all over."

A school teacher came into my office one Monday morning from the Kolon side. I asked him where he had been. "Oh, I have been to Kalau." "What have you been to Kolau for?" "Oh, to talk about God." "What, are you a preacher, a missionary?" "Oh, yes; me preacher, me missionary." "How do you make your life and profession correspond? Every time I meet

you I hear you cursing and swearing, and I hear you curse your scholars in school." "Ouakaheva." It may not be right for foreigners to curse and swear, but it is perfectly right for a native. They will go to church, sing and pray, and be very zealous on the Lord's side, go out and meet a hula gang and join right in with them and have a carouse for all it is worth. And so on to the end of the chapter.

Another good disciple bargained with another for a lot of indigo brush, from which they make coal baskets, for the sum of ten dollars. Another native hearing this brush was for sale, went with ten dollars in his hand and said: "See here, you give me that brush, and I will pay the money right now." "You hold on, I will send that fellow word if he don't pay the money right quick I will let you have the brush." He got the word. He went to a neighbor of mine, Mrs. Houghtelling and tried to borrow the money. She knew he was a scoundrel and would not let him have it. Then he happened to think of me. "I guess that hoary down there has got ten dollars, I'll go and take a look." He came into my store about an hour before sunset, dropped into a chair and pulled his hat down over his eyes and began scanning the store. He probably sat there about half an hour. He made up his mind I must have ten dollars; he would come that night, kill me, get ten dollars, pay for his brush and then for Pillikea all trouble would be ended. He went home, got a large cane knife, the blade of which was fifteen inches long, an inch and a half wide, and one-eighth of an inch thick, brought it into my neighborhood and ground it on a Chinese grindstone and just at dusk went and hid himself just opposite my store, among some cactuses. About dark there came up a little shower. I had just lighted my lamps, and after a little while I took a turn or two on my veranda and concluded there would be no more trade that night; went in, put out my large lamps and lighted my bed-room lamp, and there came a terrific knocking at the door. I demanded what was wanted. He said some oil. "Come out and give me some oil."

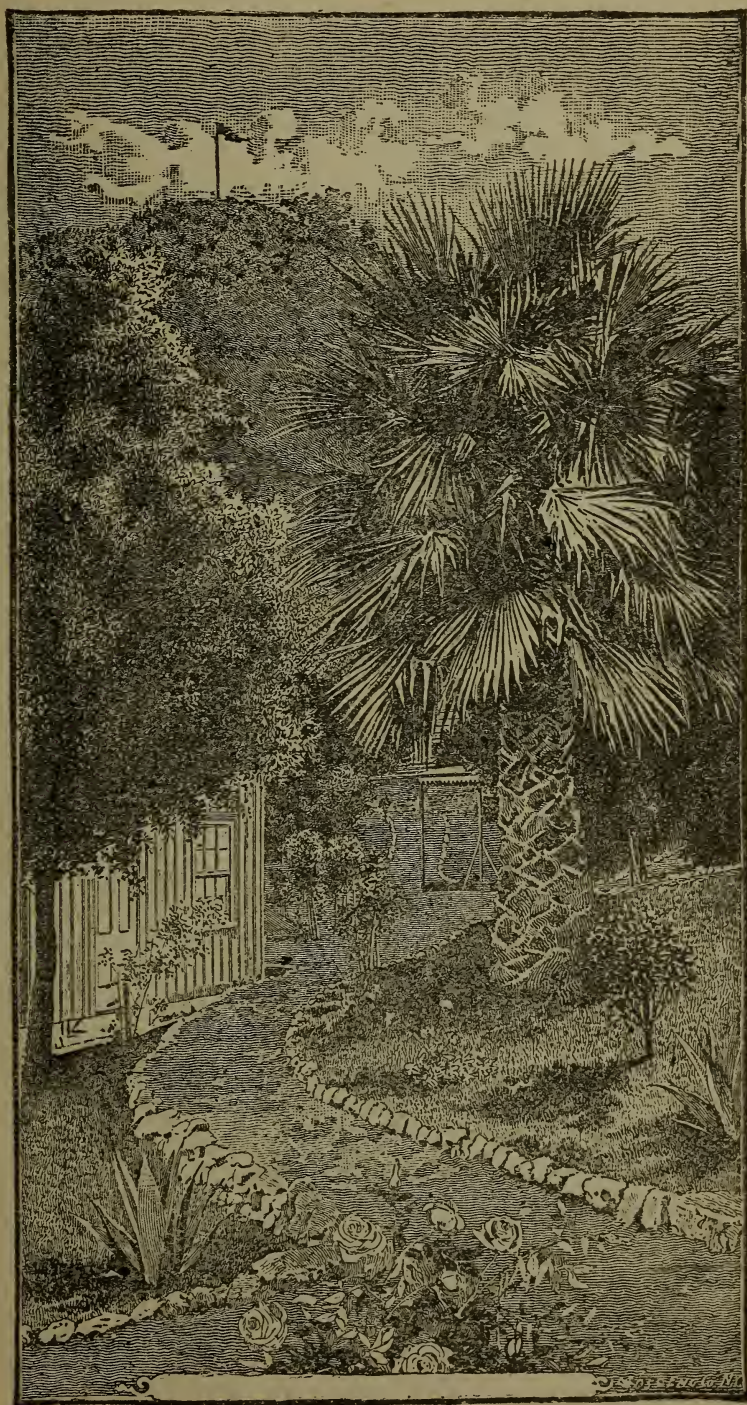
This threw me off my guard. The natives are great gamblers and most of them are at some sport most of the night. My health had become very feeble, and I was forced to leave the city proper, to find pure air and moved out to Kalihi valley, about one and a third miles from Nunanu street. Shortly after I had commenced business there, the natives came to my place in the dead hours of the night. I, being a stranger, did not open my doors. The next morning they came in a large crowd and said: "Don't you be afraid of us at all, we know what you have written for us in your paper, and we know that our king loves you, and when we want anything, no matter what time of night it is, you open your doors and admit us; we will pay for what we get and go away quietly." After this, I did open my doors several times in the dead hours of the night to them and they did just as they said, paid for what they got and went away quietly. And when this man asked for oil, it threw me off my guard. I opened my door, and saw that he was a strange native. I asked him how much oil he wanted. "Five cents worth." I drew the oil, but kept my eyes on the native. Then he said: "I'll take five cents worth of plainer" (meaning hard bread). I had a case that had been brought in near night of the same day and the tiers were unbroken. I tried to get them loose with one hand, but could not and had to take both hands to liberate the bread and my eyes followed my hands. As quick as a flash, there came a tremendous blow on the back of my neck. In the first place I thought I was struck with a club. I put my hand up to my neck and two fingers went into the gash between my head and neck, and instantly the blood spurted out in every direction. He cut a gash in my neck six inches long and an inch and a half in depth by the doctor's measurement, and all he wanted was ten dollars to pay for indigo brush, and he was one of their converts to Christianity. I should not mention this but to show that their profession has nothing to do with their lives. Since they have become what missionaries term Christianized, thefts, robberies and murders

have been frequent. But under the rule of the chiefs, murder was scarcely known, but the reason for this was, they knew nothing of values, but since, they have learned the value of money they care not what they do to obtain it.

They have at the present time every facility for obtaining a good education on the Islands, as elsewhere, but the scholars are very licentious, and parents who care for the moral culture of their children are sending them to the states to be educated. There are six colleges on the Islands, one Missionary, two English, three Catholic, and many high schools for boys and girls. These Islands being in the very center of mighty and growing commerce, are now and always must be of untold interest to commerce. Honolulu is simply an ocean hotel. If the accursed system of coolieism could be overthrown, I know of no place where I would rather live. But with that system in force, I know of no place that I would more quickly flee from.

For fear that the slave-holding missionaries would undertake to blacken my character, I will make a plain statement of facts. After my head was cut by the native I began to grow very erratic. Sometimes I was lost as to my whereabouts; sometimes I felt like I was in a dark room hunting for something, and had a great dread of coming poverty; and I moved from Honolulu to Maui, and started a store about a mile from Spreckle's plantation. His men dealt with me considerably. After the weather got hot they wanted me to let them have a club at my store and meet twice a week. If I would let them do that they would continue to trade with me; if not, they would go to a Chinese store to do their trading. They only wanted beer, and would have no drunkenness. I, being in that state of mind that any one could do with me just as they pleased, after some persuasion, agreed to let them have my hall two nights in a week. They met and had very sociable times. During the winter previous, a runaway thief from Denver had come to the Islands as a full-fledged Odd Fellow, he being treasurer of that society in Denver; also connected with other societies,

which he had also robbed of considerable money. He could or did make out his own credentials and came to the Islands in flying colors, and immediately got onto the police force, and was sent to Maui as deputy marshal. He cut a great splurge and was going to stop all work on Sunday. Captain Hobson owned a short railroad running from Wailuku to Spreckle's plantation, and the engineer was at work on his engine cleaning it up and oiling, etc. Mr. Lord Deputy told him to stop all work on Sunday—he would have no work on Sunday; which greatly incensed Captain Hobson. He sent his demurrer to headquarters, and Mr. Deputy was called to appear at a certain time at Honolulu. He saw that he had put his foot in it, and sought to redeem himself by doing something that would bring in a good sum of money into the treasury. He knew about this club at my store, and said, "I will go for old Bennett. Perhaps by bribing or by buying a few witnesses I can convict him of selling liquor without a license." He accordingly went to work. He got a half white and offered him fifty dollars if he would buy or swear that he had bought liquor at my store. I made a temperance drink, which I sold to everybody. He came in and asked for beer. I gave him some of my drink. After he had drank six or eight glasses, he began to play drunk. "Damned good beer." Pretty soon another native came in and got at one side, and whispered in my ear, could he get a glass of gin. I spoke up loud, so that every one in the room could hear. No, he could not get a glass of gin, and that he knew better than to ask for any such thing—he knew that I never kept it. He went off down to Spreckle's plantation, and there he met the constable, who gave him gin until he got pretty drunk; then he came back to my place and tried to get up a muss, but found that he could not succeed; then he started for home. Somewhere on the road he met a Chinaman of whom he had been in the habit of getting opium. He demanded some opium; the Chinaman had none. Then the native pitched into the Chinaman and gave him a severe beating, so that he



was laid up for awhile, and it was all laid to my charge, when he got the gin from the constable's own hands. I was arrested for selling liquor to the natives, for which the penalty was five hundred dollars. I was taken to the police court at Makawoa, and Smith and the constable had a lot of natives go on the stand and swear the drink that I sold would make a man drunk. I had some eight white men who had been in the habit of drinking at my house, as witnesses, who all swore that a man could not drink enough of it to get drunk; but with all of this evidence in my favor, I was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. I took an appeal to a jury. The slave-holding missionaries, whom I had been fighting for years, thought now was a good time to get even with old Bennett. When the case was to be tried, a native lawyer came to me and wanted to get my case. He said he had cleared two Chinamen the day before. I wanted to get Mr. Hartwell. He said Hartwell would not be there as he was busy trying a case in some other court. Just as soon as I paid him a fee of fifty dollars he went and mixed with the crowd. Smith, who was the lawyer for the crowd, got him to one side and offered him fifty dollars to sell me out, and tried to get some of my witnesses away, too. He did succeed in buying up two of them to swear different from what they did in the police court. The right number of Odd Fellows were seen who would compose the jury, and everything was cut and dried beforehand. The day came around that I was to be tried. I had not seen my lawyer since the day I had paid him his fifty dollars. He came into the court. When the judge asked if the jury was satisfactory, he spoke up without consultation with me, and said: "Yes, perfectly satisfactory." They were all Odd Fellows. Some I knew, some I did not; and the judge who tried the case used to clean water-closets for a living. But any one could be a judge in those days, and I was condemned before the case was tried. Had I been in my right mind no half white lawyer would have got my case to try. For they are

more treacherous than any other class of people on the earth. The club was brought in question and I was accused of selling strong drink, when everything was shipped in the name of the "S. Club." Social club was the title of the club, and all the boxes and casks containing anything for the club was so marked and the boards and heads could have been produced in court and would have been if I had had my proper senses or rather there would have been no club, for, while in my proper senses I have always been a strong temperance man. I was mulcted in the sum of \$800 and my property was sold at public auction to pay fines and costs, and those glorious slave-holding missionaries just gloated in their sleeves to think that a demented man had been convicted of selling liquor without a license, when any true christian would have had the greatest sympathy. In about three months after, I, with the remnant of my little fortune, left the Islands in search of some relatives. When in the state of Illinois, I formed the acquaintance of an old physician. He could see there was something wrong with my brain. He asked several questions, I answered him the best I could. He told me that if I would allow him to treat me for a few months he thought he could cure me. I put myself under his treatment and in one month's time the cloud that had held me captive for years, began to lift. I began to feel like a new man and the power of reason began to return, light began to shine into the dark room in which I had been confined so long and in three months I was fully restored to my senses which I have retained to the present time. When that native chopped my head nearly off clots of blood got into my brain which caused all my trouble. When that was removed it left my senses clear and I now see and understand as well as ever. But there is another life beyond this and if the scripture is ever fulfilled it will be by the slave-holding missionaries where it says, "Lord, Lord have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils and done many wondrous things?" And Christ will say to them: "Depart from me ye cursed for I never knew

you." My case called for the greatest sympathy, instead of such brutal treatment. Struck down by the assassin's knife and through this deprived of my reason. If this would not call for sympathy, what would? But I was opposed to their accursed system of slavery and that was enough to down all other consideration. But the constable did not get any consideration for his part in the affair. Papers from Denver came down to Honolulu, giving an account of his robbing the Odd Fellows' treasury and the treasuries of other secret societies into which he ingratiated himself, and he fell flat. So, retribution in his case was swift. The other's—their's may be more slow but will surely come. Most of the actors in this damnable drama are still living, and will probably read this sketch of their lives, and may they enjoy it. If there is a hell I think most or all of them will make their beds there. Hoping that the day may soon come when slavery will be abolished throughout the world and love and good will will hold possession of men's souls, and thanking my audience for their rapt attention, I give you my "aloha."

SKETCHES

OF

Hawaiian Travel

AND

Scenery

Sketches

CHAPTER I

Mouna Hualalai, the third mountain of Hawaii, on account of its diminutive altitude, being only about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, has never yet made much of a figure in the annals of travelers, being passed by and lost sight of in view of the superior claims of the towering Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. But Hualalai has, nevertheless, great attractions to offer, which are not possessed by its more pretentious rivals. To be sure, one cannot enjoy ice and snow on its summit every day in the year, but the air is cool, bracing and health-inspiring; the scenery grand and picturesque, and water, woods and game plentiful, while the strawberries in July are large, delicious and abundant. Hualalai is on the Kona or west side of Hawaii, within half a day's ride to the beach.

It was in the early days of July in the—no matter about the exact year—that becoming tired and worn by the continued office-work, I concluded to turn its cares over to the "devil" and gladly accepted an invitation to become one of a party to spend a week on the mountain. There were four of us, just enough to make a pleasant party. Our outfit consisted of a pair of blankets, two flannel shirts, two pairs of pants, stout boots, Scotch caps, guns, ammunition, tea, coffee, sugar, hard bread, butter, pickles, a chunk of salt pork, a sack of onions and one of potatoes, a frying-pan, sauce-pan, tea kettle,

tin cups, and four spoons, knives, and other little matters. These were packed on two sturdy mules, together with mats and pillows for bedding, and four bundles of hard foi. Our attendants were four natives, who were to be our guides, cooks, hewers of wood and drawers of water. Thus equipped we started up hill at daylight, after a cup of delicious coffee, for which Kuna is so justly celebrated, and which the denizens of that favored district know so well how to prepare. We were well mounted on the small compact, sure-footed and enduring horses of that region, that will travel unshod and without water oftener than once in two or three days, over the roughest clinker road.

For the first two miles we wound in and out among the tara and coffee patches, up hill through a region capable of producing a million pounds of the later article, where is now gathered less than a thousand pounds annually.

Just as we reached the edge of the wood that in a belt of two or three miles wide intervened between us and the great island plateau of Hawaii, the first rays of the morning sun shone forth over the mountain, and lit up the long lines of foam-fringed coast and the broad ocean which lay in pictured beauty below us. The poet of our party, whom we had named "Cranky Jo," from his many eccentricities of character, reining up his horse, and striking an attitude, shouted forth:

But yonder comes the mighty king of day
Rejoicing in the East!
The leaning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumined with dull gold!
His near approach betokens glad;
So now apparent, all aslant the now
Bright earth and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad
And sheds the shining day that burnished plays
On rocks and hills and towers and stars
High gleaming from afar
Prime clearer light!

Just then Jo suddenly lighted over his horse's head, owing to one of the pack mules coming in violent contact with the enraptured poet.

Toiling up a steep and miry hill, the road, or rather path, on either hand thickly overgrown with tall raspberry bushes, we came to an abandoned charcoal kiln, and near by, a deep pool of clear, cold mountain water.

Thence for a couple of hours we slowly plodded on in the narrow path, through mud and mire, but occasionally getting a glimpse of the sun overhead, through the dense masses of trees and shrubbery. Huge koa trees, six or eight feet through, we occasionally caught sight of through breaks in the bushes, and the tall ohis and tree ferns, and a hundred of other, and to us nameless, trees and shrubs, while the creeping vines and tropical parasites were everywhere. Strange birds with brilliant plumage, and uttering discordant notes, flew from tree to tree, while crows—real black crows—flew over our heads and followed us for miles with their impertinent caw, caw.

About noon we emerged from the wood out into a rolling, sandy plain covered with oholo bushes, on which hung pendant great bunches of red and white berries, with here and there broad patches of strawberry vines. Halting, and tethering our horses, we threw ourselves on the sward and feasted on the great ripe strawberries as big as one's thumb, and with a flavor quite equal to any in other lands. But the fog now began to envelop us or what at that elevation appeared to be fog, but which seen from the lower lands was the usual mid-day clouds, and we mounted again refreshed from our abundant strawberry feast, and proceeded a couple of miles farther to a cave, where there was water and where we proposed to camp for the night.

We had as yet seen no game, but suddenly we heard the distant "honk, honk," of wild geese, and a moment later three came flying over at a short shooting distance. While two of our party were in the act of dismounting, Cranky Jo, without stopping to consider whether such a

course would be agreeable to the taste of the animal which he bestrode, dropped his reins and fired. The next instant Jo had left the saddle, and after describing a circle in the air, landed on his posterior in the soft, yielding sand with a most emphatic grunt, while his horse went careering over the plain.

"Was anything hit?" he inquired as soon as he could get his breath. "Certainly," was the reply, "don't you perceive there is one goose down?" "Oh, what a fall," my countryman ejaculated. Jo, as he carefully surveyed the fragments of a pocket pistol of brandy, that in the tumble had bounced from his pocket and got smashed, and then you and I and all of us fell down. After catching Jo's horse, we proceeded on to the cave, the "ana puka lua," the cave with two doors as the natives termed it. The first entrance was near the roadside, only a few feet, and at first glance appeared only to be a depression in the earth. But, after getting down, a hole about six feet by four was found, and entering we found a comfortable apartment some thirty feet long by fifteen wide with a similar opening at the further end. Here we spread our mats and blankets and in a few moments had a rousing fire. Wood was plentiful and dry from the dead mamuna trees that abound in that locality. While our boys were making coffee we stood on the road looking at the drifting fog and the gathering shades, when back came the three geese that Jo had frightened away, with their curiosity unsatisfied. This time they were made acquainted with the contents of two barrels and we had mountain goose for supper. These geese are peculiar to the Islands, and moreover, are seldom seen except on Hawaii. In no other part of the world, as far as known, have they been found. They are only partially web-footed and appear to frequent the water only for the purpose of drinking and cleaning their feathers on the shore, and are never seen swimming. There is a dark brown on the body; on the breast and neck they approach to a dark green; on the neck there are rings of dark green and black shaded with old gold. They average

from five to six pounds in weight when dressed and are invariably fat. They abound on the slopes of the mountain of Hawaii, but are most plentiful at Napuu, in North Kona, and near Waiokapoe on the sides of Mauna Kea, facing towards Hilo, as in those localities they are seldom disturbed and there grows their favorite food. This is wood, called by the natives "puadcle," a kind of pigweed. They also subsist largely on Ohea berries, though they are, as I said, fat and juicy and are well flavored. Their flesh is dark colored and cannot be said to be particularly tender.

Let me describe the manner in which our supper of goose was cooked that night in the cave. First a couple of slices of pork were fried in the saucepan; on this was laid a layer of sliced onions, then a layer of sliced potatoes, then biscuit broken up fine and over this a sprinkling of pepper and salt, and not too much of the latter. Then a layer of goose cut into convenient sized pieces and so on with continuous layers until the pot was full. Over all a pint of cold water, the mess was put on the fire, where it was watched with hungry eyes and tended with careful hands for the space of one hour, when it was declared ready. We drew around the pot with our pans and spoons and the savory smell ascended heavenward; the odors of "Auly the blest" could not have been half so grateful to our olfactories. The exercise and the keen mountain air had created an appetite that would have driven a boarding-house-keeper to despair. For fully half an hour, silence reigned in the cave, interrupted only occasionally by a smack of gustatory satisfaction or a guttural "ah" from tickled palates. Then came the coffee—and such coffee—and we lay back on our blankets, smoked their pipes (as the writer never smokes) and felt that we were really enjoying life in a new and very agreeable phase. Jokes were cracked, yarns were spun and the cave fairly echoed with our merriment. Cranky Jo was peculiarly jubilant. After a few minutes of mysterious pacing up and down in the cold wind outside, he rushed down into the cave and striking an attitude and his head at the

same time against the over-hanging ceiling, delivered himself of the following, which was voted to be very appropriate:

Here upon the mountain's lofty height
In a deep cave of Pele formed,
Reclined about our camp-fire bright,
Each genial heart is stirred and warmed ;
While o'er our heads the night winds cold
From snowy peaks sweep chilly by
With stomachs full we're brothers bold,
And well we know the goose hangs high.

Then wrapping himself up snugly in his blankets, with his feet towards the fire and muttering, " Now I lay me down to sleep," under the sophistic influence of a long yawn from Harley Choll, an old rover and hunter on these mountains, of whom we will speak another time, was soon snoring a double bass. Throwing an extra log upon the fire we soon followed his example and slept as comfortably and soundly on our volcano hollowed cradle as on any four-posted bedstead built. An earthquake might have crushed us, but that thought never occurred, for earthquakes were not then the fashion on Hawaii.

At the earliest peep of dawn we were up, and taking our guns strolled along the road to enjoy the exhilarating air. Not a dozen yards from the cave we discovered a flock of geese, right on the path, and a little to the right another of ducks. On discovering them, each of us dropped into the bushes and crept in different directions to get a shot. While thus out of sight of each other, the birds took wing and as they rose we succeeded in knocking over two geese and three ducks. After the birds had dispersed we heard a gun go off near by and looking around beheld Cranky Jo rolling and tumbling on the ground and roaring as if in great agony. " Oh dear, I have shot myself, I know I have," he groaned, as our party gathered around him. " Where, where, how did you do it? Let us see the wound." There it was sure enough, a great hole in his flannel shirt, which he wore outside of



his pants. In pulling his gun towards him, muzzle towards him first, a most unaccountable and dangerous practice with green sportsmen, the hammer had caught in a vine and discharged the gun, but without touching Jo's skin. When this fact was made known to him, he jumped to his feet and surveying with much apparent interest the tattered tail of his shirt, broke forth in a quotation from Shakspeare on the hairbreadth escapes of war.

CHAPTER II.

After a day very pleasantly spent at the cave, we broke up camp one morning, and proceeded some two miles further up the mountain side to a gully called Mawai, formed by the water that in the rainy season sometimes pours like a flood down the surrounding hills. The gulch was now, however, perfectly dry, and its bottom covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there a mamoi tree. The sides were formed by a wall of lava, sometimes retreating at the base and arching out overhead, forming a nicely sheltered apartment, the walls and roof being of pure shining lava, perhaps a thousand years old. Our natives cutting some boughs and leaning them against the over-hanging rocks, intertwining them with grass and leaves, soon formed us a cosy retreat. Within this our mats and blankets were spread, forming a luxuriant couch. Around stood our guns with shot pouches and powder-flasks suspended from the walls. At night, when tired and hungry, we returned from our hunting tramps over the neighboring hills and plains, here we enjoyed the true *otium cum dignitate*. In front of our abode, a few feet removed towards the middle of the gulch, an immense fire burned of half a cord of wood. Around it, their dusky countenances lighted up with the ruddy glare, would be seen our native attendants, busy with the culinary preliminaries of a feast, broiling, frying or stewing, while tethered near at hand were our animals grazing on pualele that grew on the sandy soil of the gulch. At such a time our old mountaineer, Harley Choll, his memory enlivened by a pull or two at Cranky

Jo's stories, was in good trim for a yarn about some of his mountain adventures. He was an old bullock hunter, and knew every hill, valley and ravine on the three mountains of Hawaii. One of his stories ran thus:

"There was one time over on Mauna Kea that I had an awful close shave with a bull. I had been out all day from camp—started hungry in the morning, and had not seen the sign of a live critter. It was getting along late in the afternoon, and I was traveling back to camp, a matter of three or four miles, all the time cursing my luck, when what should I see right in the middle of a sandy plain, lying down under a tree, but a big black bull. He was a perfect stunner, and lay there perfectly quiet in the shade, and did not see me—but was chewing away at his cud, quite contented. There was not another tree within a mile that I could run to in case I didn't finish him the first shot, but I was too hungry to consider that, and as soon as I got near enough I up with my rifle and let him have it. I actually heard the ball hit his ribs spang—but, Lord, I didn't hurt him a mite. He was up as soon as you could think, and started to see where the shot came from so suddenly that it must have made his head swim, for he shook it at me once or twice, then came for me on the full jump, with his tail straight on end, and a full-sized devil gleaming out of each of his eyes. I knew there was no use trying to get rid of the critter by running, for, as I said before, there was not a tree within a mile. So I stood still and kept my eyes on the critter coming snorting along, while I poured a charge of powder into my rifle, but hadn't had time to get it down when he lowered his head, as bulls always do, and shutting his eyes made the charge that was to send me to kingdom come. I could almost touch his horns, and mighty sharp ones, when—"

"Why did you not try singing to him?" interrupted Cranky Jo, who had been listening with open-mouthed attention until now. "Don't you know," he continued, that "Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Mason and other animal poets have favored the Pythagorean system, that

everything, animate and inanimate, is made according to musical proportion?

There's not the smallest act that thou beholdest
But in his notion signs
Still giving to the young-eyed cherubims
Such harmony is in immortal souls !

This delivered in Jo's best stage style, produced an audible smile all around, which opportunity the bullock-hunter improved by smiling in another way. Then wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and putting a fresh chew of tobacco into his cheek, he proceeded:

"Well, you see, there was not much time for selecting tunes just then, and I did not know his favorite song, so I just shook the powder down into Old Jim (that is my rifle), none of your new-fashioned jimcracks, carried sixteen to the pound, and four feet six inches, from the breech to the muzzle. When that bull made his dive for me, I just made a side spring out of his way, and off he went thirty yards or more before he discovered that he hadn't my precious carcass on his horns. Then he stopped and looked all around, shaking his head as before. I kept my eyes on him, for I knew he was bound to come back, and so he did, charging a darned sight harder than before, on account of his disappointment. I was not quite ready for him yet, for when he came up to me on the second charge, I had got my bullet about two-thirds down. I always put a patch on my ball, and I had to dodge him the second time. He thought he had me so sure that time that he went with his great black head down, popping and roaring, and foaming at the mouth, away about forty yards beyond me, before he brought up and found that he had been fooled again. Then he turned and came for me. By this time I had got my ball home to the powder, but somehow I had forgotten where I had put my caps. I fumbled first in one pocket, then in another, without finding them, and the bull was coming like sixty."

"*Adieu, pour tajour,*" said Cranky Jo, sympathetically.

"Yes," said Harley, "he intended and really expected to do *pour jour* and no mistake; but I found a cap at last, when he was only twenty feet from where I stood, and he lowered his head beautifully for his last charge. I lifted Old Jim and give it to him right between the horns. Is there anything left in that bottle? It is pretty dry work, this talking."

"I will bet anybody that the ball glanced," said Cranky Jo during the interval occupied by Harley in going through the process of drinking. He proceeded after a pause:

"You never saw a prettier somersault, and a quicker one, than that bull made. The ball went in at his forehead, and he turned over so quickly that when I came to look for it when I was taking his hide off, after a long search, I'll be darned if I didn't find it right alongside of the hole it went in at. It had made a complete circle of the critter's body before it stopped, owing to the quickness of his turning over. That's the closest shave that Lever had with a bull."

A meditative silence followed the recital of this yarn of the old bullock-hunter, interrupted at last by the irrepressible Joe muttering, "*A beau mentir qui vient de loin.*"

"What's that he says?" said Harley.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply, "it is only a French proverb, that travelers are privileged to tell true stories."

Thus with spinning yarns, cracking jokes and listening to Jo's witty nonsense, we whiled away the pleasant evening until the god of sleep would come and spread his wings over us, and we enjoyed the natural refreshing slumber that follows exercise and pure mountain air, and is unknown to the denizen of the crowded city, who often rises from his couch more wearied than when he lies down. And then the glorious mornings. First, a wash in almost ice-cold water, and then a ramble for a mile before breakfast. Let us ascend this smooth, round hill that rises two hundred feet above the plain. The ascent is easy, over decomposed lava and brown volcanic sand,

and the path winds in and out among thick clumps of ohea bushes, with their great bunches of purple and yellow berries. Arriving at the top, we seat ourselves to recover wind, for at this elevation the rarefied air makes one's lungs labor like a blacksmith's bellows. A beautiful, as well as grand picture lies spread out before us. On the right, a long line of woods crowning the highlands of Kona, shut the sea from sight. In front, the wide island plain between the mountains, stretches out, and for miles seamed with the black lava flows of by-gone days, with here and there clumps of mamai and ohea wood, while to the left, the course of the last flow (1859) is plainly distinguished, the new pahoe-hoe shining in the morning sun like streaks of silver. Over all, in solitary majesty, rises far above the clouds, the gigantic Mona Loa 13,760 feet in altitude—its head far above the clouds, surmounted with a cap of eternal snow, sparkling and glistening in the rays of the sun. Far to the east Mauna Kea's sharply defined peaks rise higher than its opposite neighbor. Turning to the west, Hualalai 8,500 feet high, is grand and beautiful, with vegetation to its very top, but seems a mere pigmy in size when we turn again to gaze in almost awe upon its giant brothers. Cranky Jo interrupts our silent raptures by repeating from proverbial philosophy:

Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and ravines,
How dull the face of earth unfeatured of both beauty and sublimity.
And so shorn of mysteries, beggared in hopes and fears,
How that the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive fore-
knowledge.
Oh for the pencil of Bierstadth !

And then we went back to camp and breakfast. Prose after poetry.

CHAPTER III.

After a few days spent in this pleasant camp life at Mawai, we began to tire of the monotony of the thing, even the luscious strawberries and fat geese, stewed, baked or broiled, began to lose their taste. So we packed one morning and started for the summit of the mountain. For a few miles our way lay over an undulating sandy plain thickly studded with ohia trees and cut up into numerous gullies made by the mountain torrents whenever it rained in those regions. At length we reached a high belt of lava clinkers that had at some period long ago been discharged from the mountain and ran in an easterly direction (Harley Choll called them climpers) seven or eight miles the flow was elevated above the plain, about thirty feet, spreading out several hundred feet in width on the top. It was composed of black scoria and flat shaped. Detached pieces of all sizes and shapes from a piece not bigger than your hand to the size of a ship's long boat. It was quite light and brittle and as our horse's feet crunched over the path, it gave out a ringing metallic sound. For two hour's slow ascending travel over this singular road, we saw not a spear of grass or other sign of vegetation. All was bleak and desolate. At length, making a little detour to the left, we suddenly left the lava behind and came out once more onto the sandy plain, with its ohia and bush. Before us was a round hill two or three hundred feet in height. Ascending this by a zigzag path, made by wild goats, which abound in this locality; we got from the top looking westward, a fine view of the highest part of the

mountain quite near us, but instead of the summit of Hualalai being formed by a single peak, as would appear to the observer at a distance, it was composed of numerous hills mostly round and worn by the elements, but here and there a sharp peak of volcanic rock, which had defied the action of rain and wind. On all these elevations we found more or less well-defined walls and pits of old ancient craters, at one time belching forth flame and molten rock. Now, however, all this is quiet, and the bunch grass grows and the berry bushes grow and creep, and the wild goats browse where erst the goddess Pele held high carnival. Our object was to gain a prominent peak on the southwest cluster of hills, where Harley Choll said there was a cave in which to sleep and water near at hand. Descending from our hill, we passed in and out among numerous sand valleys, well wooded with mamai bushes, and after a steep ascent of half a mile we came to our stopping place. Here at an elevation of 8500 feet, the grass was plentiful and our animals ate it with avidity. A pile of stones like a cairn indicated the position of the cave where we were to seek shelter from the night winds, which at this elevation above the clouds are at times cold and blow pretty strong. After dinner, and staking out our horses, we proceeded to examine our new cave. If it was not for the ahua, as the natives call the pile of stones near its mouth, a person might walk near the locality a dozen times and never dream of its existence unless he happened to tumble into it. It was simply a whole in the ground some ten feet across, with perfectly steep sides to the bottom a distance of fifteen feet. It had been used by cattle hunters in former times when wild cattle abounded on this mountain. There is none there now. The descent was made by a log notched for the feet. Once down into this subterranean retreat, we found ourselves in a spacious cave. The floor, sides and roof were of hard, shining black lava. We did not explore more than thirty feet either way from the entrance but evidently it extended much further. The ceiling was ten feet from the floor, which was quite level

and covered with a thick layer of volcanic sand, making an excellent place upon which to spread our mats and blankets. A fire was built in the center, just under the opening so the smoke could ascend heavenward without discommoding the lodgers. Nothing could have been more snug, cosy and comfortable.

Now for a good hunt ! We had seen several flocks in the distance but they were very shy. Our hunter, however, went off with his gun, accompanied with two native boys to get some meat, as he said. He was absent half an hour when, as we lay under the trees enjoying a peaceful rest and listening to Cranky Jo's vagaries, we heard two shots in rapid succession near by, and presently Harley came in with two half grown goats. Everybody immediately got excited and the rest of the afternoon was spent in wandering over the hills in pursuit of goats. They were very plentiful, in herds from fifty to a hundred or more, and perfectly wild, so that it required great patience and caution to get near enough for a shot. At the first glance of a biped, they would be out of sight in an instant. Toiling through the sands, over the rocks, across the gulleys, climbing steeps and treading the tangled masses of brush, was too much for Cranky Jo and he soon climbed to an isolated hill and reclined at ease to meditate. There I found him late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking towards the western horizon, with a pencil and paper spread out before him and a pocket pistol by his side. It might have been owing to unwonted exercise, rarefied mountain air, or the rays of the declining sun reflected on his face, or it might have been the poetic inspiration under which he labored, but whatever it was, Jo's face was decidedly flushed. "Look here," said he, where the sun, already below us, was toiling through the afternoon clouds toward his resting in the sea. "Did you ever behold such a magnificent sight before? No, sir, never," he continued, "nowhere in the world," and then he bent over his writing, scribbling furiously for a moment. "There sir, are some lines that will render yours truly celebrated through all

time. Its publication in Harper's will place me on a pedestal so high—so high that the world will wonder how in thunder I ever got there. Read that." I read,

O, gentle muse that on this mountain steep
Find'st a fitting home thy vigils lone to keep ;
Come and vouchsafe thine aid to give,
With strains that shall forever live ;
While thus reclining on the sod
I tune my heart to Persias' God !
High o'er my cloud—inspired notes,
Sounds Harley's gun, death-dealing goats !

"Why Jo, what on earth is the matter with you? I am afraid the whisky has been too strong and powerful."

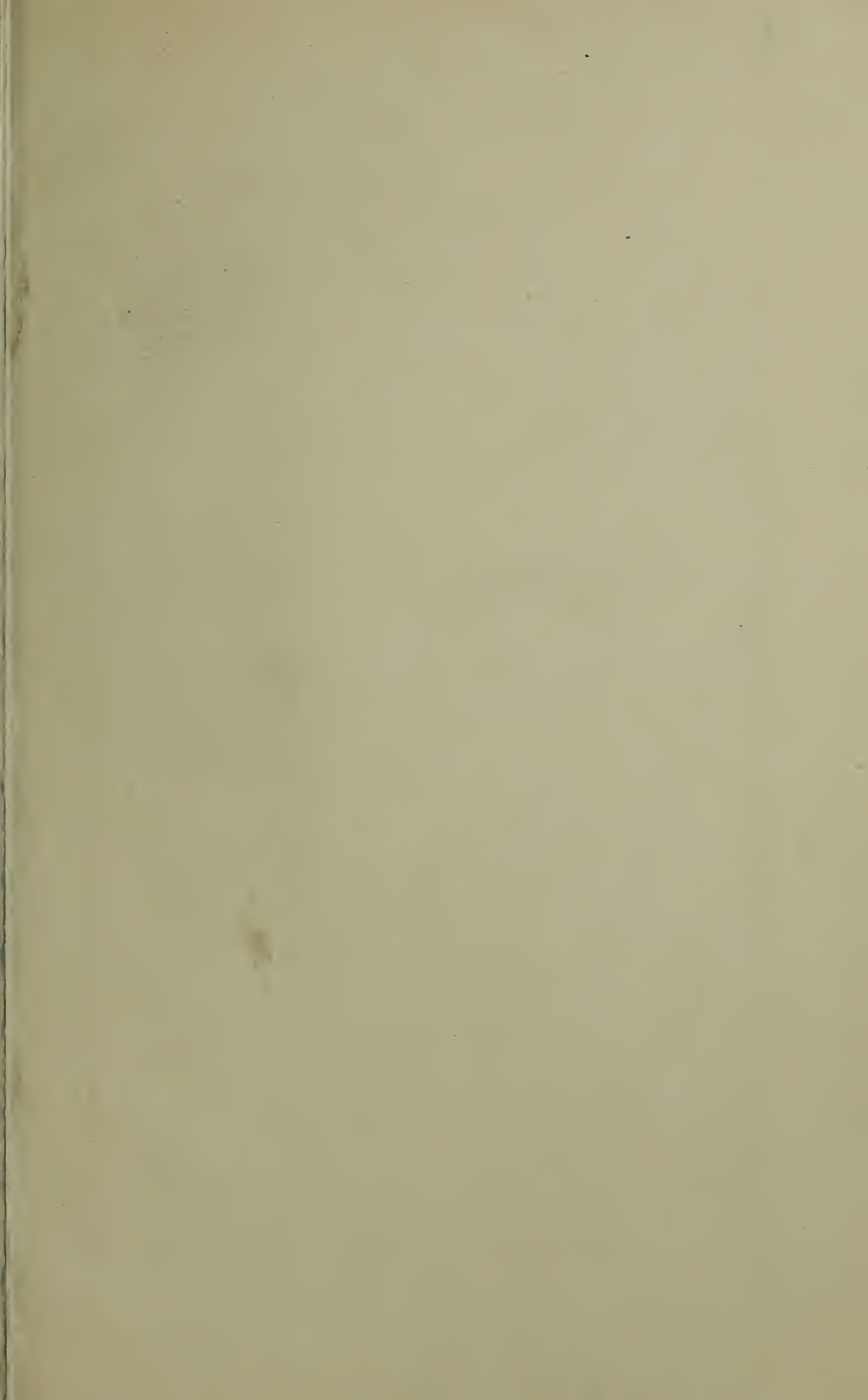
"Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion," said Jo, as he grasped the tin tumbler of his pocket pistol in a moment of forgetfulness, and took a drink. "Look at the God of Day as he gloriously sinks to rest in yon mass of clouds, and then talk of whisky if you can."

Truly, it was a sight once beheld never to be forgotten. Far below where we stood, a mass of light colored billowy shaped clouds were hurrying on down towards the sea-shore, in the valley between Hualalai and Mauna Loa, rolling and tossing, one upon the other, before the fresh land breeze, hiding the landscape below us, and requiring no stretch of the imagination to liken them to the waves of the ocean in a strong gale stands the glorious orb of day shining with all its brightest rays, was just dipping his burnished rim in the further edge of this cloud sea. We lingered and watched the enchanting scene, Jo and I, and wondered not that the poetry-loving Persians worshipped the sun. Soon, however, the cold wind from the snow-clad Mauna Loa began to come in keen and biting gusts, and we were glad to crawl back to our warm cave and the fire. We had broiled goat that night for supper, and it was truly delicious—better than any mutton I have ever tasted. It was cut into long stripes and twisted around sticks or twigs of brushwood, and

roasted on the coals. One can eat an astonishing quantity cooked that way, and we did not suffer from the nightmare, either.

The next day, after scrambling up several rugged peaks only to find that there was another apparently yet higher, and descending into deep extinct craters, in several of which we found water so cold that it gave me the toothache, we bade farewell to Hualalai, highly delighted with our trip and turned our horses' heads homewards. Each felt invigorated to a wonderful degree by our enjoyment of the rough country life and air. We had been twelve days on the trip and on weighing myself on my return home, found that I had gained twelve pounds, just a pound a day during my absence.

If any one wishes to visit Hualalai, July is the time as the strawberries are then in season.







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